

THE FAIR

2-2

K. CIRCASSIAN,

N^o 1. P.

A

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

Done from the ORIGINAL

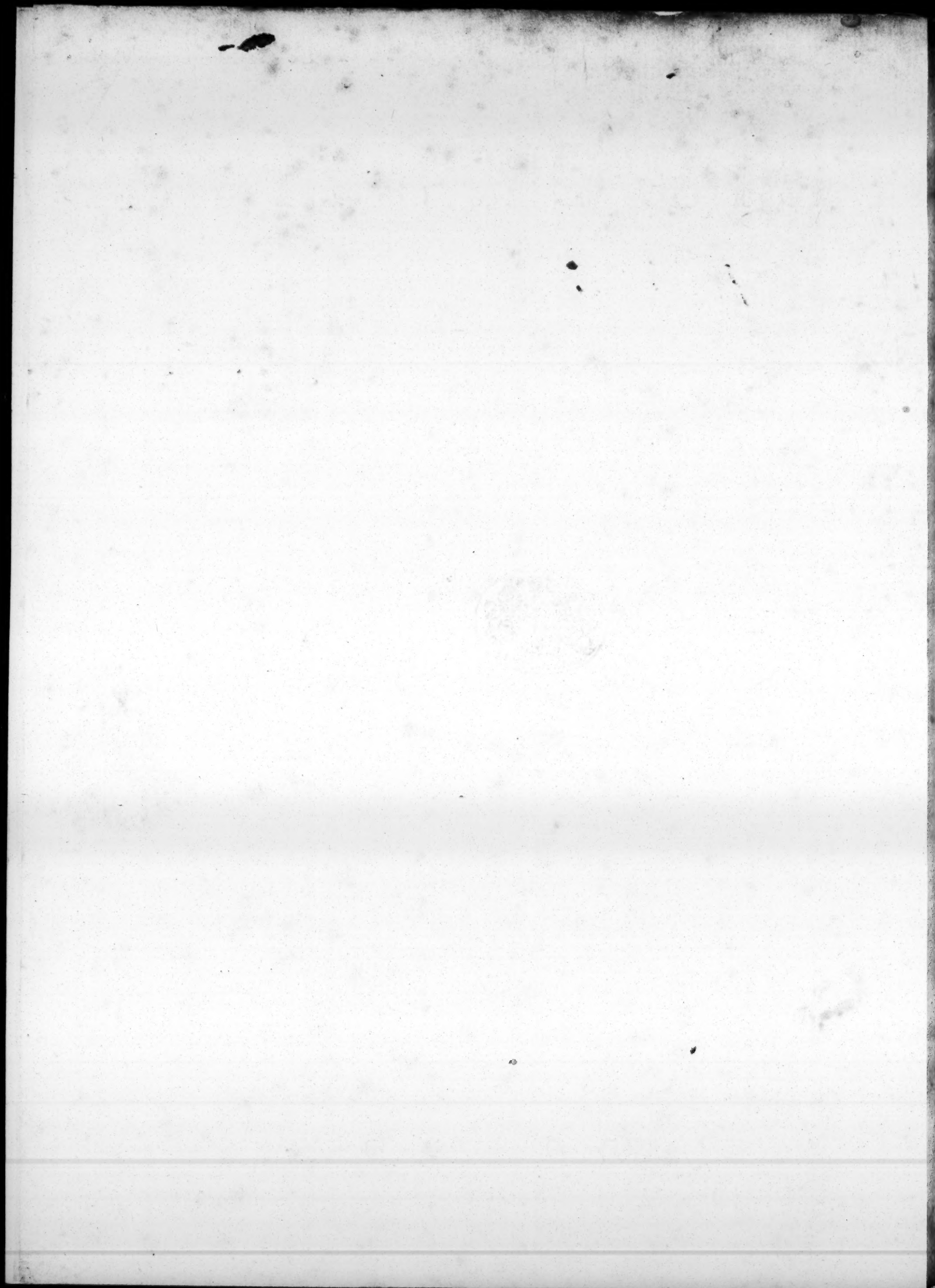
By a Gentleman-Commoner of Oxford.

— *sine Me, Liber, ibis in Urbem.* . Ovid.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Watts, at the Printing-Office in Wild-
Court near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. MDCCXX.





T O

Mrs. *Anna Maria Mordaunt.*

MADAM,



THE Three Graces, which, above all other Arts, so powerfully charm the Soul, are Poetry, Painting and Musick. And each of these is nothing else but a certain agreeable Beauty made up of a regular Composition of Language, Colour and Sound; which finding their Way to the Mind by those two noble Instruments of Sensation, the Eye and the Ear, entertain it in the highest Perfection.

D E D I C A T I O N.

fection. All these probably were exerted together in *Solomon's* Fair One; as the present Age is convinc'd they are in You. Her Language, like your's, was natural Poetry; her Voice, Musick; and the excellent colouring and formation of her Features, Painting: But, still like your's, drawn by the inimitable Pencil of Nature, Life it self; a Pattern for the greatest Masters, but copying after none; I will not say Angels are not cast in the same Mould.

Thus *Solomon* was a Poet, and thus I translate. He only wrote the Charms which his beautiful *Saphira* dictated; and I transcribe from You. We may equally boast of being inspir'd, each of our Breasts being fill'd with a Goddess: only with this Difference, that I dare pronounce my Poem the more agreeable, as I have the Advantage by being possess'd of a more divine Object. I often read the *Jewish* Monarch's Love, with Pleasure; and saw his Charmer with Admiration. Forgive me, Madam, I despis'd our cold Northern Island for producing so indifferent a Race
of

D E D I C A T I O N.

of Females ; no more to be compar'd with the Idea I had form'd of Her, than *Spenser's* snowy Lady, to the real *Florimel*. But when I saw You, glowing with eternal Youth, furrounded with Charms too bright to be beheld, good Gods ! how astonish'd, how chang'd I was ! I read You, as a new Poem, with excessive Delight ; and instead of admiring *Saphira*, ador'd You. O lovely Deity, be propitious to my Vows ; smile on my Addresses ; and if my Confession of your Beauties, and Acknowledgment of your Power, is any where too faint, believe it not to proceed from want of Inclination, but of a Capacity more than Human ; that I am too full of You, to be my Self ; and if I were, ought to be something above Man to celebrate the Accomplishments of a Goddess. To You I owe my Creation, as a Lover ; and in the Beams of your Beauty only I live and move and exist. If there should be a total Suspension of your Charms, I must fall to nothing. But it seems to be out of your Power to deprive us of their kind Influence ;

D E D I C A T I O N.

Influence; where-ever you shine they fill all our Hearts; and you are charming of Necessity, as the Author of Nature is good. You too are heavenly, and therefore must be good; O permit Me, the humblest, the most sincere of your Devotees, to approach your Throne of Beauty; to offer up the first Fruits of my Muse; to sing your Praise, and, with a distant Hope, implore your Favour. My Infidel Heart was first converted to Love by your Charms, and will triumph with Constancy under all the Sufferings it shall meet with in their Service: Nor think it too presumptuous, if it amuses it self with Expectations of a future Reward. At least indulge me the temporal Happiness of subscribing my self,

M A D A M,

Your Most Devoted,

Most Obedient, and

Humble Slave,

R. D.

P R E F A C E.



HO' the following Translation comes into the World obscurely and without a Name, as if it were some spurious Offspring not proper to be countenanc'd; yet give me leave to observe that these natural Children of the Muses, which are most commonly begotten in a Heat of Poetic Blood, and a great Vigour and Strength of Fancy, are often more healthy and long-liv'd than others, and carry the Marks of an easier Spirit and a more florid Constitution. If to these Advantages of Birth, the happy Incidents of Education are added, such as drawing the refin'd Air of *Parnassus*, playing upon the Banks of *Helicon*, and cooling their youthful Heat by repeated Draughts of the Fountain *Hippocrenè*, I need not say how far these stoln Conceptions will exceed any Thing that is labour'd in the vulgar indifferent Way of a customary Espousal. That the Thoughts of this Performance were as well suggested by Genius and Nature, as improv'd by the common Rules of Art, cannot be question'd by Those who view the Author in that Light which he has given us of Himself; as a young Lover inspir'd with the Charms, and furnish'd with a Description from the Beauties of the Fair Creature, whose Name he has plac'd before his Dedication.

He was a Gentleman-Commoner of *Oxford*, the Heir and Hopes of a Family of good Condition and Repute in the same County; whose natural and acquir'd Qualities were such as might justify a particular Panegyrick; but, since his Name is conceal'd, we will mention no other Instances of that Nature, than this only, which his Friends have consented should be made publick. He died this last Winter, of that Distemper which Physicians call a Fever upon the Spirits; when the Indisposition seems to proceed more from some Uneasiness of Mind than Illness of Body; and is such as either eludes their Art, or falls not within their Method of Prescription. This Design seems to have been executed the Summer before; upon his having accidentally been in Company with the fair Maid, who at once kindled in his Breast the Fires of Love and Poetry. And this, being a Circumstance never suspected by
his

P R E F A C E.

his Friends, has made them apprehensive, that some real or imaginary Discouragement might have arose over his young Passion, and given it this fatal Blast in it's so early and tender Bloom. But as all this can be but at best Conjecture, they don't pretend to accuse any Person living as accessary to their unfortunate Loss; and can only deplore their not knowing the particular Situation of his Mind, that they might have endeavour'd to apply the proper Preservative. That He design'd the following Sheets for the Press seems pretty plain, not only from his having written the Dedication, but particularly specifying that He had taken the Fourth Chapter from *Steel's Miscellanies* with some few Alterations; as He ingenuously acknowledges in a marginal Note. And therefore just as He left them, they are sent into the World: with the same Title Page; by which it looks as if He intended to conceal his own Name from publick Notice, while he had the Pleasure in Obscurity to blazon the Charms of his Mistress, by copying from her the several Features of the Beauty he draws; which, considering the Eastern Manner, and allegorical Expression, does in his Hands become an Original. And whether, by thus taking the distinct Perfections of his celebrated Piece from one single Person, he has succeeded so well as *Apelles*, who drew his *Venus* from a Collection of beautiful Parts taken from a Number of the compleatest Females he could meet with, I must leave Those to judge who have seen the young Lady that furnish'd the whole Magazin of Graces, so well dispos'd in our *Oxford* Scholar's Portrait; and own, with some Concern, that I have never yet seen this incomparable Person, so as to know her. Whether He intended to have written any Thing by Way of Preface or Apology, we cannot determine; but nothing of that Kind appearing, has made us think it proper to give this Account of the Occasion, and what follows of the Manner, of our Author's Conduct in this Affair.

It is certain that He has all along kept the Sense of the vulgar Translation in view; and if what he was oblig'd, by the Nature of his Design, to add, has given no true Illustration to the sublime Meaning of the Allegorical Writing; so neither, may we venture to say, has it diminish'd, or debas'd, or any way alter'd the Sense of it; but left it full as applicable now, as ever it could be in the Original. That *Solomon* did not directly and immediately intend this as a Kind of *Opera* or dramatic Performance to celebrate the vast Happiness he enjoy'd in a mutual Intercourse of Pleasures,
with

P R E F A C E.

with one of his *Seraglio*, can be insisted on by no Body that considers the Nature of his own and his Father *David's* Prophetick Writings; where, tho' some other Meaning than what appears may be couch'd by a supernatural Direction; yet the plain and obvious Sense was always understood of their own Affairs, and by them suited to some particular Occurrences then in being.

This being allow'd, we will endeavour to find out who the Person was, that has been distinguish'd to Posterity by such a tender Description and warm Representation of her own and her royal Master's Passion. And tho' this may seem to be an Inquiry of a nice and difficult Nature, but of little or no Advantage to the Commonwealth of Letters; yet I hope to make some Discovery in it, for an Embellishment of this particular Piece, and the Satisfaction of my less Pedantick but more Polite Readers the Ladies. I know this *Sultana* has been vulgarly suppos'd to be *Pharaoh's* Daughter, because we are sure *Solomon* espous'd such a one; Nay in the * History of his Life and Actions it is expressly mention'd, that he enter'd into an Alliance with *Pharaoh* King of *Egypt*, and married his Daughter, and brought her home to the City of his Father

* 1. Kings
3. 1. 7. 8.
2 Chron.
8. 11.

David: and after he had finish'd the Temple at *Jerusalem*, and some other public Edifices of Strength and Beauty, he built a Palace for her particularly; which looks like a Mark of very great Favour and Esteem; as it probably was, and nothing else. For having married the Daughter of so powerful a Prince, as the King of *Egypt*; very likely for Reasons of State, and to strengthen the Interest of his own Country by an Alliance with so formidable a Potentate; he could not help shewing all the Regard that was due to her high Birth and Condition; by building her a separate Court, and granting her such an Allowance as might be sufficient to support her in a proper Grandeur. And this he might do without the least Embarrassment of his private Pleasures, or Oppression of his Subjects; if we consider, that by the admirable Treaty of Commerce which he had establish'd with a maritime Power, he had made Gold and Silver at Home, as plenty as the Dirt in the Streets. Now, that the Lady here introduc'd could not be this *Egyptian* Princess, seems reasonable from hence; because she is character'd as a private Person, a Shepherdess, one that kept a Vineyard, and was us'd ill by her Mother's Children. All which will correspond very well to somebody else; but can't, without great

P R E F A C E.

straining, be drawn to fit so illustrious a Princess. Not but that this luxurious and rich Prince could well afford to maintain all his Concubines, in their several Houses and Gardens of Pleasure with a Magnificence truly Royal; as it is probable he did many of them. And this Lady seems to be attended with a Number of Female Slaves appropriated to her particular Use: Tho' it is as probable that he often diverted himself privately with them as a Shepherd in Masquerade, in his Groves and Wilderesses, curiously consisting of the most exquisite rural Amusements, and the most delicate Collections of Flowers, Fruits and Spices. And He is here describ'd as coming by Stealth in the Night to her Chamber or Apartment, and She as privately solicitous in her Search after him; which probably was a concerted Design upon such Occasions, to enliven their Pleasures, by making them seem attended with Danger and Difficulty: All which are a Sort of little agreeable familiar Liberties, not so consistent with the Formality and Ceremony commonly us'd with a royal Consort. Therefore seeing we have so good Reason to conclude this was not *Pharaoh's* Daughter; we will next endeavour to shew who She was. And here we are destitute of all Manner of Light but what is afforded us by that little *Arabian* Manuscript mention'd in the Philosophical Transactions of *Amsterdam* 1558, said to be found in a Marble Chest among the Ruins of *Palmyra*, and presented to the University of *Leiden* by Dr. *Hermannus Hoffman*. The Contents of which are something in the Nature of Memoirs of the Court of *Solomon*; giving a succinct Account of the chief Offices and Posts in his Household; of the several Funds of the royal Revenue; the distinct Apartments in his Palace there, how appropriated; the different *Seraglio's*, being sixty two in Number, in that one City. (Tho' our young Author seems to suppose all the King's Mistresses were kept in One) Then there is an Account given of the Concubines; their Manner of Treatment and living; their Birth and Country, with some Touches of their personal Endowments, how long they continu'd in Favour, and what the Result was of the King's Fondness for each of them. Among these there is particular Mention made of a Slave of more exceeding Beauty than had ever been known before; at whose Appearance the Charms of all the rest vanish'd, like Stars before the Morning Sun; that the King cleav'd to her with the strongest Affection, and was not seen out of the *Seraglio* where She was kept, for above a Month.

That

P R E F A C E.

That she was taken Captive, together with her Mother, out of a Vineyard on the Coast of *Circassia*, by a Corfair of *Hysam* King of *Tyre*, and brought to *Hierusalem*. It is said she was plac'd in the Ninth *Seraglio* to the East of *Palmyra*, which in the *Hebrew* Tongue is call'd *Tadmor*. Which, without further Particulars, are sufficient to convince us, that this was the charming Person, sung with so much Rapture by the royal Poet; and in the Recital of whose Amour he seems so transported. For She speaks of her self as one that kept a Vineyard; and her Mother's producing Her in one of the Gardens of Pleasure, (as it is likely She did at the first presenting of her to the King) is here distinctly mention'd. The Manuscript further takes Notice that she was call'd *Saphira*, from the heavenly Blue of her Eyes; which are Hints I find the ingenious Translator has taken, from some Conversation we once had upon this Head. And now I think, if this Roll of Parchment may be allow'd to have lain uncorrupted so many hundred Years; as in a Chest of durable and firm Marble, well cemented and lying in a dry sandy Earth, may not be impossible; there can be no Reason to suspect the fair *Circassian*, and the celebrated Beauty in the Song, for being different Persons.

I shall only beg your Patience, kind Reader, while I add a Word or two more by Way of Apology for the young Gentleman's Performance, which You have, such as it is, without any Alteration. There are some Things which I cou'd have wish'd might have been drawn over with another Colouring; and which, had they come to my View in my Pupil's Lifetime, as his Tutor, I shou'd have advis'd Him to have cast in another Form. But being become as it were a Relick since his Death, I look upon it as a Kind of Profaneness to change it's Shape; as well as profess my Want of Capacity to set any Thing of this Kind in a more beautiful Light. Yet I would fain excuse, what I am not certain to be irreproveable; and must desire the Reader of a nice Ear, if he meets with any Thing not so well tun'd, to consider it as the first Attempt of a Novice; whose Eagerness is apt to precipitate them too much; especially in their first Performances. Tho' from my Pupil's usual Correctness in his College Exercise, I may venture to pronounce of him what *Ovid* did of himself, when prevented from reviewing his Works by a less fatal Occasion.

Emendaturus, si licuisset, erat.

whatever is too puerile, loose, or superfluous, would certainly in

P R E F A C E.

a great Measure have been prun'd away; and the Roughnesses fil'd and polish'd into a more agreeable Lustre. But, however I will venture to say as it is, that the Images which here and there appear in a loose Dress, are no more than Copies of the antique Drapery, and to any who would be thought free from Prudery, may appear without the least Exception. If the Muse is bold, and plain in the Original, she only puts on an Air of Freedom, to take an Opportunity of discovering some of her Beauties; and if the Copyist uses the same Artifice, tho' He miscarries in his Attempt, he should not be blam'd for endeavouring to imitate such a Master-stroke. The great Fear is that he has thrown his Copy out in too faint a Light; which very Fault, if he be guilty of it, will screen him from the Imputation of having run into the other Extreme, and outdone the Boldness of his Original.

For my Part, if I may be allow'd to speak without Suspicion of Partiality, I think it inferiour to few of the Productions of late Years, for the Sublimity of Diction and Harmony of Numbers. Were any of our modern Tragedies interlac'd with some of the golden Wires drawn from these Love-Speeches, how would they glitter and dazle the Ears of the Audience, and set off the dry and insipid Stuff, with which most of their course-spun Pages are lin'd.

*Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus & alter
Assuitur Pannus. —*

whereas this is a whole Piece of rich glowing Scarlet; which cut out into thin Shreds and stitch'd upon their Heros and fine Ladies, would shine thro' a hundred Plays; filling the Heads of the Beaus with Rapture, and the Breasts of a thousand pretty Virgins with Tenderness: dwelling upon their lovely Lips in endless Repetitions, and obliging them to spend their charming Voice in passionate Encomiums upon the Author. But I have done; I pray this Fondness may be excus'd: as Guardian to a Virgin Muse, I may be allow'd to recommend my Charge in my own Market Phrase; and provided the World is but civil to that, they have my free Leave to take what Liberties they please, with my awkward and odd Manner of introducing it.

Oxon. March 25, 1720.

T H E



THE
FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

PROLOGUE.



IRGINS of *Albion*, Ye fair Female
Kind,
Who live to Love's soft Measures well
inclin'd,
Whose gentler Minds have known the
pleasing Smart,
And felt his Venom trickling thro' your Heart,
To You the following tender Scenes I write;
To You, best Judges of the best Delight.
Thrice happy He, who cou'd his Muse employ
To heighten and improve so fine a Joy!

Hence may the present Age of Beauty know,
 How well they lov'd three Thousand Years ago;
 What sweet Ideas round the Soul were hung,
 What Raptures melted from the flattering Tongue;
 Whene'er the sprightly Prince and beauteous Dame
 Alternately reveal'd their noble Flame.

Nor let the Style or Foreign Phrase offend,
 'Twas thus those *Eastern* Beaus their Passion pen'd;
 The Sentiments were such, in such a Pair,
 Where He was most discreet, and She most fair:
 Tho' We may well conclude, from what is writ,
 The Man had Beauty, and the Woman Wit.

Attend! the Lady first shall Silence break;
 'Tis thus the faithful Story makes Her speak.

C A N T O L

S H E.



Love! thy mighty Burnings who can bear!
 What Thirst, what Fever can with mine compare!
 With Speed conduct me to the lovely Swain
 That fires my Soul and causes all my Pain;
 'Tis only that dear Youth whose balmy Kiss
 Can mitigate my Smart with healing Bliss.

O come, my Dearest, come, and hither bring
Thy Lips adorn'd with all the blooming Spring.
A Thousand Sweets their fragrant Atoms blend,
Which, in a Gale of Joy, thy Breath attend:
Such soothing Cordials to my Soul apply,
Heal me with Kisses, Love, or else I die;
With poignant tasteful Kisses, such as thine,
Whose Flavour far excells the richest Wine.

At the dear Mention of thy charming Name,
The blushing *Nymphs* disclose their hidden Flame;
While *Zephyrs* bland the pleasing Accents bear,
Perfumes are wafted thro' the gentle Air;
The pow'rful Sound enchants the listning Grove,
And tender Damsels sicken into Love.

Where-e'er You go, where-e'er your Steps You move,
Thither I'm hurried on the Wings of Love;
His silken Cords my yielding Limbs enthrall,
And I must follow my Beloved's Call;
But, while such mighty Charms as his invite,
My Chains are Transport, and my Task Delight.

What wou'd my Prince, my lovely Tyrant have?
Oh! whither wou'dst Thou draw thy willing Slave?
I see, I see the golden Doors unfold,
The Royal Bed, with Raptures, I behold;

To Thee my Virgin Blushes I resign,
 And, spite of inbred Modesty, I'm Thine.
 Ecstasick Pleasure fills my gasping Soul,
 As Wines, profusely pour'd, o'erflow the Bowl:
 O stay, my flitting Senses, and record
 The Bliss these momentary Joys afford;
 Yes, to thy kind Endearments I'll be true,
 And give thy wond'rous Love it's Praises due.

Ye *Tirzan* Maids, whose Skin allures the Sight
 With milky Fields of pure unblemish'd White,
 What, tho' my Beauties, of a browner Hue,
 Seem less engaging when compar'd with You,
 They're Beauties still, tho' now they seem less fair,
 Sun-burnt and tarnish'd with the Noontide Air.
 I, of six Daughters was the latest born,
 My Mother's Darling, but my Sisters' Scorn;
 My opening Bloom with jealous Eyes they view'd,
 And fell Revenge their envious Minds pursu'd;
 Me lonely to the distant Hills they send,
 Helpless my self, the Vineyards to defend:
 Where Southern Blasts and Rays of scorching Heat
 Did on my Face and tender Bosom beat.
 Yet I, with Patience, in their Vineyards lay
 Whole dewy Nights, and watch'd 'em all the Day:
 Ah! Me; my own, but ill secur'd the while,
 To bold rapacious Love became a Spoil. Rudely

The FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

5

Rudely He leapt the Mounds, the Fence destroy'd,
Nor ceas'd 'till with the budding Clusters cloy'd.

Tell me, my lovely Spoiler, thy Retreat;
I now forgive; for oh! the Theft was sweet.
If You, a Prince, will grace the shining Court,
Let Me, your Slave, among your Train resort:
Or if, in Shepherd's Weeds, you'll humbly deign
To feed your Flock along th' extended Plain;
Tell me beneath what coolly spreading Shade
At Noontide Hours thy lovely Limbs are laid;
Tell me, my Charmer, lest I chance to stray
Among the Shepherds' Tents, and lose my Way.

H. E.

O Fairest of thy Sex! to hear thy Voice
The Shepherds and their Sheep alike rejoice;
Whose Bleatings from the Plain salute thine Ear,
And tell the Flocks and Cottages are near:
The little Path their cloven Feet have trod
Will bring Thee to thy longing Swain's Abode;
There may thy Kidlings browse the shrubby Green,
And We lie shelter'd in the leafy Scene.

How gracefully, my Love, thy Charms appear!
How unaffected all thy Motions are!

Like

Like Art, thy very Negligences shine,
 And Beauty moves in every Step of thine.
 So tread the manag'd Steeds with comely Gait,
 Harness'd to draw the gilded Coach of State,
 Whose easy Shapes in just Proportion rise,
 And gratify the pleas'd Spectator's Eyes.
 Transparent Pendants, with a Brilliant Light,
 Adorn thy Cheeks and point 'em to the Sight:
 The Chains that circle round thy Neck with Gold,
 In stronger Links the fatal Gazer's hold.
 Haste, haste, ye Nymphs, with curious Fingers ply
 The Loom, and interweave the various Dye;
 Let Flow'rs of Silver round the Border shine
 Mixt with a running Train of golden Twine;
 With These adorn my Fair, for vulgar Sight;
 But me her native Charms alone delight.

S H E.

How my Perfumes, by close Embraces prest,
 Fly out and hang upon my Charmer's Vest!
 And, while He banquets at the royal Board,
 To all around a fragrant Scent afford.
 But, when in amorous Folds our Bosoms meet,
 My Love himself is like rich Odours Sweet;
 Grateful as Myrrh he dwells upon my Breast,
 And sooths my panting Soul to downy Rest.

Who

Who can thy manly Graces truly paint,
Or how describe, where all Description's faint!
Thy Charms the rest of Humankind surpass,
As loftier Vines excell the lowly Grass;
Or, as among the twisting Vines is seen
The cluster'd Camphire with superior Green.
Oh! how transcendently my Love is fair!
Beyond all Fancy and above Compare.
How languishing his Eyes! like cooing Doves
Emitting at each Glance their mutual Loves.

Behold, my Life, our dear expecting Bed
With Coverlets of lively Verdure spread:
Columns of Cedar, of the choicest Grain,
In Rows the filken Canopy sustain;
Of inlaid Firr the level Floor; above,
The vaulted Cieling glows with pictur'd Love.

CANTO II.

H E.



Bloom like thine attends the vernal Rose,
Such White the Lilly of the Valley shows.
As These among the Briars distinguish'd stand,
So You excell the Daughters of the Land.

S H E.

S H E.

And You, my Prince, so eminently fair
Above the brightest Sons of Men appear,
As the Pomegranate, with its golden Rind,
Exceeds the neighb'ring Trees of Silvan Kind.
Under his Shade with sweet Delight I lay,
Protected kindly from the sultry Day;
His Fruits, with eager Appetite, I eat,
Indulg'd my Taste, and cool'd my fainting Heat.

Me and my Charmer, now, from noontide Bow'rs,
To spend in various Scenes our blissful Hours,
Love to the Banquetting Pavilion brings,
And o'er our Heads unfurls his trembling Wings.
His filken Banner hovers in the Air,
And Love displays Himself emblazon'd there.
With fev'rish Heat He seizes ev'ry Part,
Burns in my Veins, and revels in my Heart.
O bring, of cool Sherbet, an ample Bowl,
Allay my Flame, and pour it on my Soul;
My ebbing Life with spritely Fruits repair,
And sooth my raging Breast, for Love is there.

Yet oh! how soft, how pleasant is the Bed!
When on his Arm I lean my lovesick Head:

On his left Arm my lovesick Head I place,
His right infolds me with a warm Embrace.
Soft, I adjure You, by the nimble Fawns,
And Hinds that bound across the flow'ry Lawns,
Ye sportive Damsels, that ye softly move,
Nor with your Voices wake my sleeping Love.

Hark! thro' the Dawn a heav'nly Musick breaks,
It thrills my Soul, for my Beloved speaks.
Up, like the bounding Hart, He springs, He flies,
And thro' the Lattices darts his radiant Eyes:
To Me He calls, Arise! Arise! my Fair;
Calm is the Morning, and serene the Air;
The wintry Cold is gone, the genial Spring
Provokes the Flow'rs to blow, the Birds to sing;
The wanton Turtle, in the neighb'ring Grove,
Sits cooing, and renews his Tale of Love:
Behold! the pregnant Fig begins to shoot,
The Vine in Clusters yields it's purple Fruit;
All Nature smiling welcomes in the Day:
Arise, my lovely Fair, and come away.

H E.

From the cool Grottos of the Rock I hear
My Charmer's Voice, and bless my ravish'd Ear.
Come forth, my Dove, compleat thy Swain's Delight,
And give thy beauteous Person to his Sight.

C

Haſte,

Haste, haste, ye nimble Hunters, spread the Net,
 With many a Toil the Vineyards 'round beset,
 The wily Foxes take, and from the Vines
 Avert the little Vermin's fell Designs:
 Our Vineyards now their noblest Grapes produce,
 The ripen'd Clusters swell with Purple Juice.

S H E.

I am my Prince's, and my Prince is mine,
 Link'd with a mutual Love our Hearts combine;
 Among the Lillies He abides all Day,
 Himself as Fair, Himself as Sweet as They.

The Dews descend, the dusky Clouds arise,
 Night draws her fable Curtain o'er the Skies:
 Return, my wand'ring Paramour, return;
 With Me repose, and wait the coming Morn.
 Fly to my Arms, and, with thy nimbler Speed,
 The Mountain Roe or the wild Hart exceed.

C A N T O III.

S H E.



THE busy World is hush'd in silent Night,
 The Silver Moon displays her paler Light;
 When sleepless on my Bed I lie alone,
 For ah! the Partner of my Soul is gone. In

In vain I send my searching Hands around,
My lovely Wanderer is no where found.
Inward I grieve, and with confused Haste
My Mantle o'er my Shoulders slightly cast;
Then thro' the City run, with eager Pace,
And seek my Fugitive from Place to Place.
Thro' ev'ry spacious Way, thro' ev'ry Street,
Officiously I ply my busy Feet.
The nightly Watch I meet, and thus inquire,
Saw You the Object of my Soul's Desire?
They knew not of Him: Scarce from thence I past,
But strait I found and held my Charmer fast.
Around his Neck my longing Arms I flung,
Flew to his Lips, and on his Beauties hung:
Then to my Mother's House my Captive led,
And fondly drew him to the genial Bed.

Ye Virgins of the Land pass gently by,
Behold my Love, but with a silent Eye:
I charge You, by the Hinds, the Forest Roes,
Disturb Him not amidst his soft Repose.

See! from the secret Bow'r of Love He comes,
The ambient Air is fill'd with his Perfumes;
Where-e'er He goes, He breathes a spicy Breeze,
And wafts ambrosial Fragrance thro' the Trees.

Behold his Bed! the Guards around it stand,
 Threescore, the stoutest Sons of all the Land:
 Their valiant Breasts are stamp'd with many a Scar,
 At Home rever'd, and terrible in War:
 Each on his Thigh a mighty Sabre wears,
 To free the Night from false alarming Fears.
 Pillars, with silver Cornice wrought above,
 Whose Base is Gold, sustain the rich Alcove:
 Sweet Woods of *Lebanon* the Frame compose,
 The lofty Canopy with Purple glows:
 The Middle, pav'd with downy Love, invites
 The Virgin Nymphs to taste it's soft Delights.

Approach, fond Maids, and see my lovely King
 Crown'd with the Beauties of the gawdy Spring,
 The Garland, his indulgent Mother wove,
 Against the Bridal Day, the Festival of Love.

C A N T O IV.

H E.



OUR envious Thoughts conceal, Ye rival Throng,
 And while I sing my Fair, attend my Song.

Her dovelike Eyes ten Thousand Charms dispense,
 Breathing at once both Love and Innocence.

Behold!

Behold! adown her Neck the wavy Locks
 Frisk, like exulting Kids o'er *Gilead's* Rocks.
 Her Ivory Teeth in beauteous Order stand,
 Like Sheep new-wash'd and whiten'd on the Strand;
 When, dropping from the Flood their snowy Skins,
 Each with her Lambs appears, and each with Twins.
 Her Lips like Threads of Scarlet brightly glow,
 In sweetest Sounds her moving Accents flow.
 Her Cheeks amidst soft circling Tresses shine,
 As when the tender Ringlets of the Vine
 Around the blushing Fruit their greener Curls entwine. }
 Her marble Neck the sparkling Gems adorn,
 As blazing *Phosphor* gilds the rosy Morn,
 Shap'd like the lofty Tow'r in *Sion's* Fields,
 Studded and hung with Warriors mighty Shields.
 Her Breasts, where Love and all his Graces dwell,
 Pregnant with Bloom and ripening Beauties swell;
 Like young Twin-Roes that graze the verdant Meads,
 With Buds just sprouting from their velvet Heads.

Hence to the Hills of Myrrhe I'll haste away,
 Where spicy Breezes round my Head shall play;
 There spend in gentle Dreams the gloomy Night,
 'Till Morning Sun restores his golden Light.

From rocky *Lebanon* return, my Love,
 To *Hermon's* dewy Hill and *Shenir's* Grove.

See

See from *Amana's* green and shady Brow
The distant Prospect of the Vales below,
Securely hence the spotted Leopard view,
Nor fear the yellow Lion's brinded Hue.

O Maid divinely fair! whose every Part,
Like pointed Lightning melts my ravish'd Heart;
Fill'd with your Love I scorn the Charms of Wine,
Nor for the Vineyard's luscious Juice repine.
Your Breath so sweet, that wheresoe'er You go
The Steams of spicy *Saba* seem to flow.

A milky Balm upon thy Lips distills,
And every Kiss with liquid Hony fills:
With Smells of *Lebanon* thy Vesture crown'd
Scatters refreshing Odours all around:
The various Sweets which feed the Thymy Bee,
My Dear, my lovely Princess, are in Thee.

The Garden thus, some Spot of Pleasure, lies,
Enclos'd for Privacy from vulgar Eyes;
In Thee, each Flow'r uprears it's painted Head,
And vernal Beams the bloomy Buds dispread;
The smiling Joys that in thy Glances play,
Like trembling Streams reflect the gilded Day.
Spikenard and Cinnamon that loves the Vale;
Ripe Thural Fruits, in Thee, their Sweets exhale,

Saffron, with *Cassia's* orient precious Oil,
That springs from rich *Arabia's* fruitful Soil;
Whose spicy Rind, with smelling Gum distent,
Breathes thro' the Air a kind Balsamic Scent;
While odorous Dews in humid Vapour rise,
And fragrant Clouds perfume the azure Skies.

S H E.

Awake, O *Zephyr*, or Thou Southern Breeze
With gentle Murmurs fan the shady Trees,
With soothing Breath upon my Garden blow,
That grateful Smells from every Plant may flow.
Let my Beloved, in the coolly Shade,
On some soft Lilly-Bank repose his Head;
Or with delicious Fruitage please his Taste,
Be fill'd with Joy, and bless the kind Repast.

C A N T O V.

H E.

UCH fresh Delights the Springs and Grottos give,
That in thy Garden I could always live.
Where-e'er I turn, gay golden Scenes arise,
To sooth my Mind, and entertain my Eyes.
I came, my Fair, I came a willing Guest,
On thy delicious pleasant Fruits to feast:

Of

Of Gums and Myrrh I rob'd each spicy Tree,
I sipt the balmy Labours of the Bee:
For Me the Vine with Purple Clusters glow'd,
With Milk the Nut, the Peach with Nectar flow'd:
O here, my Fair, for ever let us stay,
And spend in Love and Wine the live-long Day.

S H E.

I sleep, but still my listning Fancy wakes,
A Voice informs Me my Beloved speaks;
“ To thy dear Arms, He cries, my lovely Fair,
“ Receive me from the dark inclement Air:
“ The Vapours fall, the drisly Dews distill,
“ The Drops of Night my Locks with Moisture fill;
“ Arise, my Fair, unfold the bolted Doors,
“ Arise, 'tis I, thy Wanderer implores.
Alas! the darkning Shades my Sandals hide,
My Mantle's negligently thrown aside;
Can I now find it? or defile again
My Feet just washt, and from the Bathing clean?
Yet will I come all barefoot and undrest,
And clasp Thee dropping to my warmer Breast.

Upon the Lock my Prince's Fingers move,
The Sound dissolves my pitying Soul to Love:

I rose, I flew with Speed to let Him in,
But too much Haste obstructed my Design;
O'er every Bolt my wandering Fingers stray
Perfum'd, and leave sweet Odours by the Way.
But when I open'd, ah! my Love was gone,
Tir'd out with my Delay He had withdrawn.
Sore on my Mind the Disappointment hung,
My Soul Regret and sharp Vexation stung.
Again my mournful Voice I sent around,
But only Eccho babled to the Sound.
Then madly thro' the silent Streets I ran,
Hoping to find the dear excluded Man:
Alone I hurried on my giddy Flight,
Nor fear'd the lurking Dangers of the Night.
The Watch, to whom I tenderly complain'd,
With foul Reproach my spotless Honour stain'd:
My loose Attire the Sentinels descry'd,
And rudely wou'd have drawn my Veil aside.
Pity my Case, Ye Virgins of the Plain,
Whene'er Ye take, restore my wand'ring Swain:
For Him I languish, and my lovesick Mind
Without his Presence no Relief can find.

CHORUS of VIRGINS.

How blest, how more than blest the happy Swain!
For whom so fine a Creature can complain.

D

Describe,

Describe, Thou Fair, this Partner of thy Breast,
 Show us how He so far excells the Rest;
 O say what Charms, with such superior Grace,
 Finish his Person and adorn his Face.

S H E.

His Face with far transcendent Beauty glows,
 As the rich Standard in the Squadron shows;
 His Charms such bright distinguish'd Lustre wear,
 Among ten Thousand He'd the Chief appear.
 A youthful Red with intermingled White
 Sets off his Features in a pleasing Light;
 Shining his Hair, and of a Raven Black,
 In waving Ringlets falls adown his Back:
 Arm'd with a tender Languishment his Eyes
 Please while they wound, and kill without Surprise:
 So soft, and so alluring, Turtles look,
 That bill and coo beside the purling Brook.
 His blooming Cheeks resemble vernal Flow'rs,
 Warm'd with the Sun and plump with *April* Show'rs.
 His melting Lips like new-blown Rosebuds meet,
 Bedew'd and dropping with a balmy Sweet.
 But oh! his fragrant Kisses who can tell!
 So much beyond Description they excell.
 Where can his matchless Hand a Rival find?
 So turn'd the Fingers, and so fitly joyn'd!

Rings

Rings for Embellishment by some are worn;
 His finer Hands the very Gems adorn.
 His Skin, like polish'd Ivory, smooth and fair,
 His Veins like Rows of inlaid Saphires are.
 His shapely Legs like marble Pillars hold
 The Fabric rising from a Base of Gold.
 His Form a Prospect so inviting wears,
 As crown'd with Cedars *Lebanon* appears,
 When with the sloping Sun 'tis gilded bright,
 And blesses with it's Smiles the distant Sight.

Such is my Love, Ye Virgins, such the Swain
 That gives me Pleasure with alternate Pain.

CANTO VI.

CHORUS.

BRIGHT Maid, ah! whither is thy Charmer gone,
 And left Thee here defenceless and alone?
 Tell Us, that we may range the Streets, the Grove,
 Or Garden, 'till We find the Man You love.

S H E.

Sure to the Garden He has bent his Flight,
 For there's his Pleasure and his Soul's Delight;
 Nor wonder that all Night He revels there,
 A Wilderness of Spice perfumes the Air;

Citrons above and fragrant Flowers beneath
 In every Walk their grateful Odours breathe:
 Fruits with delicious Pulp his Thirst appease,
 And rising Lillies form his Couch of Ease.
 Happy, if while He views the pleasing Scene,
 Some tender Thoughts of Me break in between.

H E.

What other Object can Admittance find,
 While You, dear bright Idea, fill my Mind.
 Shou'd *Tirza* with her gilded Turrets rise,
 The Landskip paint, and mingle with the Skies;
 Place but my Fair, my beauteous Princess near,
 Her Charms the finer Prospect wou'd appear.
 Shou'd Armies march along in meet Array,
 Their Spears advance, their Ensigns wide display;
 Her Eyes wou'd more exalted Glories dart,
 With more Surprise wou'd thrill the Gazer's Heart.
 Nourisht by their propitious Beams I live,
 Yet scarce can bear the Splendor that they give:
 So shines the Morning Sun with kindly Light,
 But who can view his Blaze without an aching Sight?

Unnumber'd Females, of a Form divine,
 The soft Seraglio's private Walls confine;
 Where blooming Virgins ripen to Desire,
 And bright Sultanas glow with practis'd Fire:

Oft,

Oft, as I sigh amidst the beauteous Throng
For All by turns, but not for Any long,
From Charm to Charm with eager Gust I rove,
Resolv'd to taste Variety of Love;
But, soon as I behold my lovely Fair,
My wand'ring Fancy stops and settles there:
The Beauties of the Sex I find in One,
For She's a Magazine of Charms alone.
The slighted Nymphs yet bless Her with their Voice;
And Envy's self approves the happy Choice.

But who is This, that with Her glorious Eyes,
Looks like the Morn, and emulates the Skies?
Fair as the Moon, reflecting Silver Light,
Strong as the golden Sun, and beamy bright.
So glittering Spears that gild the dreadful War
With fatal Gleams shine trembling from afar.
Down in the Grove of Spices as I stood,
To view the rising Flow'rs and pregnant Bud;
The Trees in Verdure Green, with bloomy Shade
And mingled Light, a lively Landskip made:
Yet when Her distant Eyes like Stars appear,
My ready Senses start and center there:
Wing'd with Desire, my Soul outflies the Wind,
And the bright Scene neglected leaves behind.

CANTO VII.

H E.

HER slender Feet, most lovely to behold,
 Are cas'd in Purple Buskins wrought with Gold.
 Her well-turn'd Legs and full-proportion'd Thighs
 Charm by Degrees and with new Beauty rise;
 The Joints with Dimples smiling; and above,
 The Spring of Bliss, the bubbling Fount of Love.
 Plump is her Belly, but how smoothly plain!
 Like Fields of Wheat impregnated with Rain;
 White as the Silver Lilly's snowy Bloom,
 Swelling with Dew, and fragrant with Perfume.
 Her even Breasts like the Roe's Younglings play,
 And panting bound luxuriant as They:
 Like Velvet Buds the crimson Nipples rise,
 Firm to the Touch and grateful to the Eyes.
 Fair as an Ivory Column's tow'ring Height,
 Her lofty Neck advances to the Sight.
 Her Eyes reflect the Fountain's limpid Hue,
 Clear as the Sky and of a heavenly Blue.
 Like Beams of milder Light, divinely Fair,
 Bound back and braided shines her filken Hair.
 The King, in passing, her bright Form admires,
 And feels within his Breast soft kindling Fires;

Held in the Galleries a Slave to Love,
Intent He gazes, and forgets to move.

How Fair art Thou, my Queen, thy Charms how bright!
For Pleasure form'd, and finish'd for Delight:
Tall as the Palm thy Mien, thy juicy Breast,
Like clustring Grapes, inviting to be prest.
Let Me the strait the stately Bole ascend,
Grasp'd in my Arms the blooming Boughs shall bend;
The clust'ring Vine in my Embrace shall bleed,
And on thy fragrant balmy Breath I'll feed.
Thy Lips, whose Taste exceeds the richest Wine,
Shall feast my Palate and my Bliss refine:
This with new Pleasure will our Joys prolong,
Make Dullness brisk, and wearied Nature young.

S H E.

Thy Transports, Love, with what Delight I hear!
Such Fondness ravishes my listning Ear.
With Thee I'll range the distant lonely Fields,
Where the fresh Spring eternal Pleasure yields;
Where the low Village free from noisy Strife,
Unheeded drinks the real Sweets of Life.
There let us lodge, and with the Morning Sun
Our Course of pleasing Toil together run;

Observe

Observe the Vine it's tender Bud disclose,
 How with young Bloom the new Pomegranate glows:
 How ripening Fruits in Embryo appear,
 The grateful Prospect of a plenteous Year.
 There, on some Bank reclin'd, whilst over Head
 Embow'ring Jasmines their sweet Odours shed,
 Clasping and claspt with evertwining Arms,
 Unenvied I'll enjoy thy manly Charms,
 Give up my hidden Beauties to thy Sight,
 And die in Ecstasies of full Delight.

C A N T O VIII.

S H E.



H! that thou wert, as once my Brother was,
 Free and familiar to my fond Embrace;
 When smiling Both, Both innocent and young,
 One Breast We suckt, and on one Bosom hung.
 Then, without Shame, I'd publicly employ
 Each passing Minute to improve my Joy.
 Grasp thy dear Hand, and with a Sister's Kiss
 Uncensur'd steal a momentary Bliss:
 And when, impatient of the raging Fire,
 A mutual Sense shou'd prompt Us to retire,
 Fearless I'd lead Thee to my Mother's Bed,
 And on thy Bosom lay my languid Head:

By

By Her instructed in the Arts of Love,
My Passion might with aptest Graces move;
While rich Collations, crown'd with cordial Wine,
To feed our Flame, like Fuel, shou'd combine.

Begone, ye Female Slaves, my Voice obey;
Fly, and attend with Silence far away:
Perhaps my Love, to Solitude inclin'd,
In gentle Slumbers will indulge his Mind.

H E.

Lean on my Arm, on Me thy Limbs recline,
The Care to guard my Charmer's Steps be mine:
Thy precious Weight revives the pleasing Thought
How Thou wert first to my Embraces brought.
Beneath a Platan's cool and gloomy Shade,
On Beds of Pinks I was supinely laid;
Thy Mother came, and lo! She led along
Her dear *Saphira*, beautiful and young;
When strait She gave Thee to my longing Side,
And I with Ardour seisd the blushing Bride.
The Rest is past Description; now no more
Love was outrageous, for his Fit was o'er:
I rais'd Thee fainting from the fragrant Green,
The conscious Print among the Flow'rs was seen;
My Arm, as now, sustain'd thy lovely Frame,
Sweet was the Pleasure then, and now the same.

S H E.

Light of my Life, oh! take me to thy Heart,
 Nor ever with thy fond *Saphira* part:
 Oh! seal me, stamp me on thy tender Mind,
 And leave the strong Impression deep behind.
 For Love, like Death, his Sceptre sternly sways,
 When-e'er the Tyrant calls, the Slave obeys.
 His Passion, turn'd to Jealousy, will rave
 Fierce as a Whirlwind, cruel as the Grave,
 For ever burnt and burning with Desire,
 As Coals that glow with unconsuming Fire.
 Let gushing Brooks and swelling Torrents roll
 Their cooling Waters o'er the Love-sick Soul,
 Yet will survive the bright unsullied Flame,
 It's Vigour lively, and it's Heat the same.
 Ranfack the solid Globe for Wealth, and sweep
 The secret Vallies of th' unfathom'd Deep,
 Give all to Love and bribe Him to be kind,
 Yet still you'll feel his Fetters on your Mind:
 Whate'er you stake, his Value's still above,
 And nothing ballances but Love for Love.

H E.

Then, be it publisht thro' the spacious East,
 How much, how dearly *Solomon* is blest.

Shew,

The FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

Shew, how his Palaces and Temples rise,
With glittering Roofs aspiring to the Skies;
Paint his fair Gardens, and disclose the Groves,
The private Scenes of his repeated Loves,
The purling Falls of Water to invite
Soft Slumbers, and divert with fresh Delight:
Describe his Ivory Throne, his pompous State,
With all the gawdy Names that sound Him Great:
But tell the World that these are trifling Things
Compar'd to Her from whom his Pleasure springs,
For Grandeur and for glorious Fame design'd
To awe the Vulgar and amuse Mankind,
Mere Bubbles made for Wonder and for Show;
His real Joys from dear *Saphira* flow.

And, lest the dazzling Mines from *Ophir* brought
To after Ages shou'd suggest a Thought,
That He, who cou'd command so rich a Prize,
Might well be blest, might well be counted Wise,
Let future Times in lasting Verse be told,
His Fair One made him Happy, not his Gold.

S H E.

Sweet are the Accents of thy heavenly Voice!
The Groves are pleas'd, the listning Swains rejoice;

The

The FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

Little Birds suspend their flutt'ring Wing,
In Silence, and forget to sing.
Once more with that enchanting Musick chear
My longing Soul, my fond expecting Ear.
O come, with all thy dear delightful Charms,
Rush on my Breast and dart into my Arms:
Oh, haste, my Life, and with thy nimbler Speed
The Mountain Roe or the wild Hart exceed.

F I N I S.



